

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1921

Mowgli in Real Life Found By an American

LIVED AS AN ANIMAL UNTIL NINE

Under Care and Instruction of Missionary Judson Perkins, Now Looks Like a Boy and Can Talk, Count and Pray Like Child of Four.

By Roger Batchelder.

EVER since Kipling's "Mowgli," and indeed even before the "Jungle Book," people have wondered what really would happen to a child if he were left in the midst of a jungle and were able to live. We have all seen "Zip, the Monkey Boy," and other "What Is It?" at the shows of Mr. Barnum and his successors, but somehow we had the feeling that they came from Alabama or the Black Belt of Chicago.



JUDSON T. PERKINS. MOWGLI THE JUNGLE BOY.

But at last we have a real "monkey boy," a child of ten who has apparently lived in the Indian jungle for years, and has probably played and hunted with the animals. No, this is no press agent story; you won't be able to see him on the screen, nor find him at a Broadway hotel. For this youngster is to-day in Jagdalapur, the capital of the province of Bastar, in Central India, according to a report from one of its missionaries received by the Board of Foreign Missions, No. 150 Fifth Avenue. You could find him to-day at the mission school of the Methodist missionary of Jagdalapur, a hundred miles from the abode of the nearest white man.

About a year ago a native hunter was stalking his prey in the jungle which comes within 300 yards of the village. He pushed aside the dense undergrowth, waded through the steaming pools and listened intently to see if, above the sound of the birds and the swishing of the snakes as they glided into the pools, he could hear the approach of game.

The bushes rustled far away, and the hunter flattened himself against the ground. Then came a figure, a strange animal, he thought, to drink at the pool. He raised his rifle to shoot, but something deterred him. Here was an animal, surely, because it walked on all fours. Yet there was something strange about it. The hair grew over its face, but its body was bare and blackened by exposure. The hunter put his rifle on the ground and crept forward. The strange animal heard him and dashed off in the brush.

It was a long chase, but finally the hunter captured his quarry. It had the body and form of a boy, yet it struggled hard, bit and scratched with long talon-like nails. The hunter's strength was too great, however, and the wild being was dragged to the end of the jungle, where shouts brought many men to gaze at him.

They tied him with ropes and took him to the jail. Here was a boy, they declared, yet still an animal, for he walked on four feet and snarled and snapped like a wolf. He must be kept in jail, else he would harm their wives and children.

That night was a gala night at Jagdalapur. Every one of the 2,000 inhabitants, save the sick and the infants, came to see the queer boy in the jail. They flocked him, pined him and made funny faces just to see him crouch behind the bars and snarl like the wolf. And for many days afterward they came and watched him tear the raw meat, the only thing he would eat, and devour it like one of the jungle folk.

In the village was an American missionary, Judson Perkins, who had come to the jungle from Illinois ten years before and had taught the gospel of good will to the mission. He heard about the strange boy which they kept at the jail and went to see him. Finally he obtained permission to take him home, and there he looked him in a room. The captive was a boy of apparently nine years. The knuckles of his hands were calloused, because he had walked on

them. He gave no evidence of human intelligence but had marvellous strength for one of his years. He obeyed only vicious animal impulses and made no intelligible sound known to any language.

Instead of taunts and cruel treatment the missionary tried kindness, and the boy soon responded. He learned to stand on two feet to obey when the missionary spoke to him, and to regard the other boys of the mission as his own kind. But when they teased him he crouched down like an animal, snarled and bit and scratched them. He submitted when the missionary put the first suit of clothes on him, but tore them off as soon as he was alone. But eventually he learned to restrain himself and his wolf-like temper.

To-day he can talk the language of man, though he speaks haltingly and uncertainly. He can count up to thirteen and knows many of the letters of the alphabet. The missionary has also taught him that there is a Being greater than all of us, to whom we must go when we are in trouble, and the jungle boy can repeat prayers in a dull, scarcely comprehending way.

"Mowgli," for that is what the natives called him, does not remember much about his life in the jungle. Though he is ten years old, at least, he has the mentality of the ordinary child of four. But he recalls that he ate berries and other food which he found in his wanderings, and he speaks sometimes of a brother.

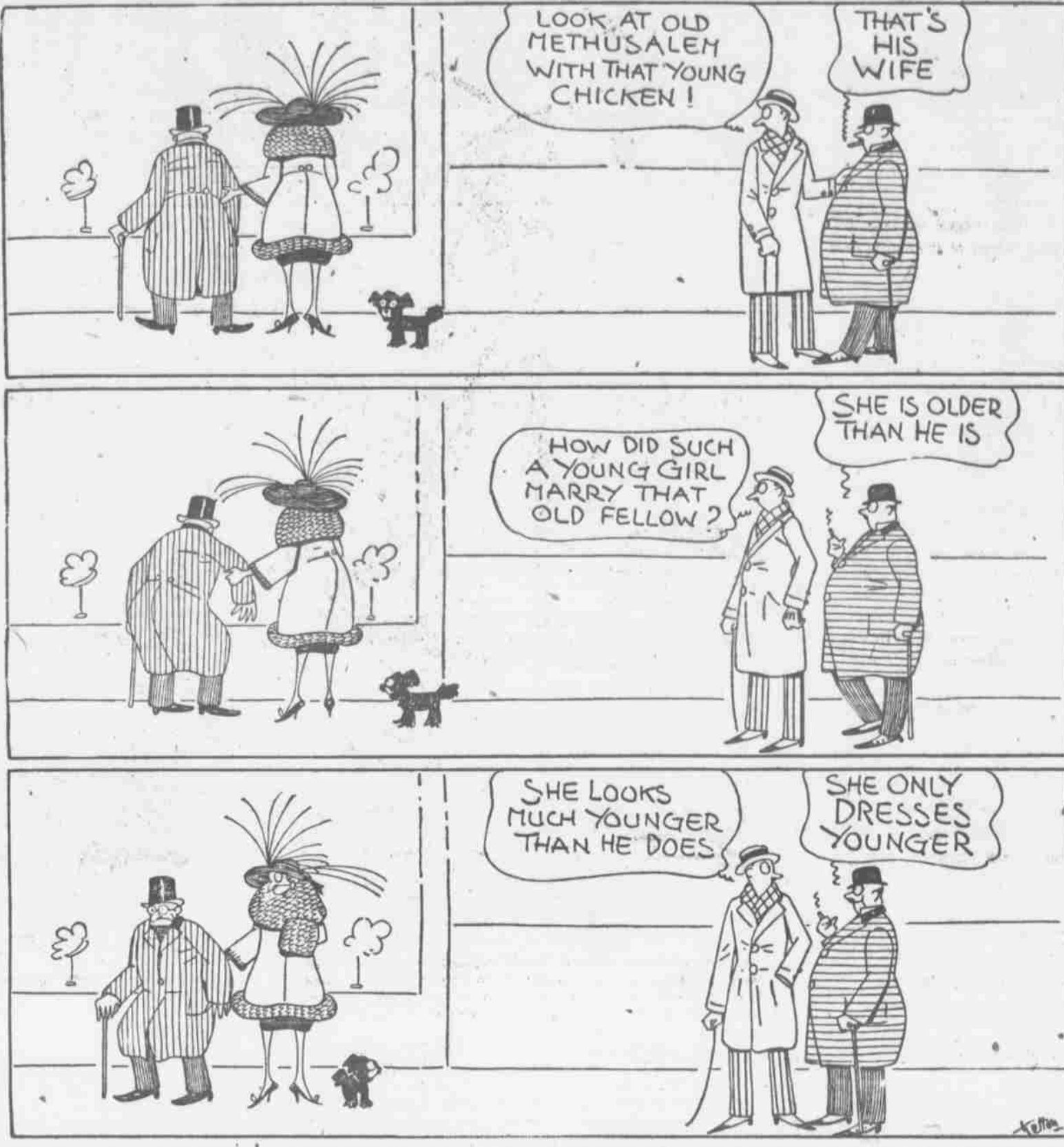
In civilization he is dull and disinterested, though as obedient as a dog who shows fidelity to those he loves. But in the jungle, his eyes sparkle, and his sight and hearing are uncanny and supernatural. There he has senses which civilized man has lost.

Where he came from, Mr. Perkins does not know. Perhaps he was cast aside while a tiny boy because he was found to be mentally deficient. Or possibly his parents were killed in the jungle and he was left to shift for himself. But at any rate, he loves the people of the mission, and they are trying hard to educate him so that he can make a living like other men.

The Evening World DAILY MAGAZINE

Such Is Life!

By Maurice Ketten



Alaska an Ideal "Summer Resort"

INSTEAD of going abroad for the summer, American tourists should visit Alaska, urges Mr. J. C. McBride, Republican National Committee man for Alaska, who is now in New York.

"People have an idea that Alaska is the land of snow and ice. This is quite erroneous, for while we have no real farmlands, in the summertime the foliage and grass are as green as they are in the States.

"But Alaska is above all things a sportsman's country. It affords excellent fishing—salmon, halibut and herring are to be caught in abundance. Game, too, is plentiful, and in this sportsman's paradise your true hunter finds a prolific supply of deer, moose, caribou and reindeer.

"I would recommend to globe-trotting Americans that they try a summer in Alaska. There lies before them the time of their lives."

Why a Girl Should Receive Her Fortune While She's Young

By Fay Stevenson.

WHEN does a girl most need and enjoy the income from her estate? When she is fat, fair and forty, or when she is fresh, fair and full of prospects?

These questions arose with the recent decision of Surrogate Foley, who granted Miss Alice Latham, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Elsie Latham, \$10,000 a year more for her education and maintenance.

Mrs. Latham, who applied on behalf of her daughter Alice for this extra allowance said her late husband John C. Latham, who was a member of the banking firm of Latham, Alexander & Co., of No. 16 Wall Street, left his daughter a trust fund of \$200,000. But under the will the girl could not enjoy the income from this fund until she reached the age of thirty-five and was obliged to live upon \$4,000 per year.

Mrs. Latham, who now resides at No. 1449 Third Avenue, Louisville, Ky., maintained that this sum was not sufficient for her daughter. To prove her contention that \$4,000 was not adequate she submitted the following list of contemplated expenses for the coming year.

For travelling expenses to Europe \$5,000
For tuition and incidentals 2,500
For vocal training 300
For instrumental training 500
For fur coat and other wearing apparel 4,000
For travelling expenses here 2,000

Summing up these expenditures Surrogate Foley agreed with Mrs. Latham and granted her daughter the petition which means that the latter is to enjoy an education, travel and a fur coat which she might have had to deny herself until she reached thirty-five.

Let's hope that all the wise fathers and mothers who are to-day planning with where Marie or Louise or Florencie will be to receive a small allowance until they reach the staid and mature age of say thirty-five or forty will relent and let the dear young things enjoy SOME of their money when they want things as they will never want them in their lives again.

Youth has the capacity to enjoy. It longs and craves for the pleasures and trinkets of life which can never satisfy them later on. It wants them NOW or not at all.

What woman of thirty-five ever wants a fur coat or a black mink dress with the same keen ardor as the girl of eighteen or twenty?

What woman of thirty-five ever enjoys a trip to Egypt or fresh cut flowers in her room with the same thrills and warmth in her heart as a young maiden?

Of course there is this point of view: money may turn a young girl's head, it may unbalance her, but at the same time if she is really a woman at heart that very money



MY DEAR: HOOKS AND EYES ESCAPE FROM THE BONDAGE OF UTILITY

Hemstitching Has Found a New Field.

INCLINING still to the short skirt, and short sleeve, the airy theme of spring frocks is—love me little, but not long. For tailors the slim skirt prevails, while for frocks full ones are in the majority, but for dignity, the narrow skirt with a redingote tunic cannot be outlasted and wise matrons will cling to it.

I saw a very unusual trimming on one of these frocks the other day, which some of you might copy, though I imagine it would be fussy work achieving the effect of metal embroidery. White steel hooks and eyes were sewn on in double or triple rows up the front edges of the open tunic and bodice of a serge frock, and also around its sleeves. It took more

than a passing glance to decipher this trimming, which, commonplace as it sounds, achieved an effect of elegance and distinction. I think a gray frock would be interesting trimmed with shiny black hooks and eyes, and completed with a black patent leather belt.

Have you noticed the return of quilted satin coats? They feel that their due share of popularity was not awarded them last year, the reason being, to my thinking, that they were priced so high, and so they make a second appeal. This time their prices are within reason and no doubt they will gain favor over the cape. Their huge collars and cuffs are quilted with machine stitching, while the coat portion exploits the quilting anywhere from 18 inches up to the hip line, around the lower edge.

Those of you who like to be up to the minute in your bonfire dressing will like to hear about the pale color taffeta coats, fashioned just like our winter dolmans, which have quite a tery usurped the filmy gowns.

These coats with their broad tunch collars lend unusual chicness to the wearer, while a lining of chiffon affords the desired distinction. A most fetching coat of this sort was of pale gray with a lining of yellow chiffon.

There are many inspirational novelties peeping out for election on our summer clothes, a pretty trimming of beaded medallions, either in white or ecru, embellished with colored yarn, which will be attractive when employed on colored organdie frocks.

Another noteworthy trimming feature is hemstitching done in three colors on white organdie frocks, in cross lines to affect a plaid. The result is decidedly individual. The neck and sleeves were finished with colored organdie piping, while a narrow ribbon of another of the colors entwined the waist line.

We are familiar with the colored sport handkerchiefs, but the latest thing to carry with the tailored frocks which is not too conspicuously sportive is the plain colored neckerchief, fashioned just like our winter dolmans, which have quite a tery usurped the filmy gowns.

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Says Americans Marry Early And Often

INFATUATION POOREST REASON GIVEN

Prof. Binder, Who Recently Accused Drummers of Making Poorest Husbands, Now Says Health Should Be of First Importance in Choosing a Mate.

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AMERICANS are marrying early and often. Infatuation is the poorest reason for marriage. Health is the most important quality to be considered in choosing one's mate.

\$25,000 YEAR WOMEN

No. 6. ANITA LOOS.



ANITA LOOS (Mrs. John Emerson), dramatic and motion picture scenario writer, is well in the forefront of the ranks of women who are earning \$25,000 a year and over. She now devotes her entire time to writing scenarios for one motion picture star and her salary is said to be \$100,000 a year.

These are the interesting conclusions of Dr. Rudolph M. Binder, professor of sociology at New York University, who recently "started something" in many a home by announcing that the travelling salesman makes about the worst husband there is. Now Dr. Binder, who has made a special study of the problems of marriage and divorce in American life, announces that, contrary to the general impression, girls are marrying younger than their mothers did. So, of course, they have more time in which to get divorced—and they're doing that, too!

Here are Dr. Binder's figures, taken from the census reports: "In 1910," he says, "the percentage of married, widowed or divorced women, fifteen years or over, was 68.1 per cent.; in 1900 it was 65.4 per cent., and in 1910 about 70 per cent. The effect of the war has been to increase marriages to a considerable extent, although accurate data are not at hand for the entire country.

"Owing to the fact that many of these war marriages were entered into somewhat hastily, it is not altogether improbable that the divorce rate may increase slightly over that of 1910. The divorce rate has been increasing for years, although not as rapidly as most people imagine. The divorce rate for women in 1910 was 4 per cent.; in 1900, 3 per cent., and in 1910 4 per cent."

"What are the reasons for the youngest age of marriages and for the increase in the divorce rate?" Dr. Binder was asked.

"Plainly, there often is not a standard of choice on the part of the youthful brides. What they mistake for love is largely infatuation, and infatuation is based chiefly on some external quality, in addition to mere passion."

"A few years ago a young lady from a family prominent in the social circles of New York eloped with a chauffeur. The 'chauffeur' sensation and many people, as well as many papers, lauded her for what they considered to be following the dictates of her heart rather than the standard of her circle. A few who were, somewhat more sober and thoughtful wondered how long this family would keep from the divorce court. Recently the papers announced that this girl had obtained a divorce from her husband."

"Last spring and summer a young lady was frequently reported as going to cabarets with a young man to whom she was ostensibly engaged. The independent means and thought she had a right to follow the dictates of her heart. Eventually the two were married, and some people are unkindly guessing how long this couple is going to keep out of the courts."

"I refer to these two cases, not because they are more serious than others, but merely because they are more conspicuous. Hundreds of similar marriages are undoubtedly contracted and sooner or later dissolved. Undoubtedly, the girl who eloped with her chauffeur, and the girl who, in handling an automobile, perhaps the quickness of his eye and arm in avoiding collision, and his somewhat unusual, although vigorous features, which were in contrast to those of the younger men in her environment. The other young lady was said explicitly to have been attracted to her prospective husband because he was a first class tangoist."

"Another girl declared recently that she fell in love with a young man to whom her parents objected because 'you see, he hasn't been so nicely in the middle.' In all of these cases and similar ones there was plainly no intelligent choice exercised by the young women. They were rather under the domination of an impulse which controlled them because in all probability, they lacked a sufficiency of mentality for self-control."

"In love there must always be some motive of a higher nature than infatuation. No rational human being can for a moment contemplate entering into a lifelong union without giving due consideration as to the possible consequences."

"It was with the idea of finding out what young people of to-day consider the motive in their choice of a future mate that several classes at New York University were asked to indicate which one of three qualities they considered the foremost—beauty, wealth or health. These three qualities were selected because they were considered to be, on the whole, fundamental and the basis for other qualities.

"Health, wealth and beauty are very closely connected. As one of the women students aptly put it: 'If you have health, you are able to acquire wealth because you are able to work, and you are likely to be good looking because beauty without health is only skin deep.'

"Disposition is plainly an effect of good health. Irritability, nervousness, whimsicality are the products of poor vitality. The pleasant companion is he or she who is full of good health. Again, impulse, character, too, reverts back to health. The boy or girl in poor health cannot get an education."

"The students placed the main stress on health. And it is true that health must eventually be looked upon as the fundamental quality in a future mate."

THE JARR FAMILY

BY ROY L. MCDONNELL

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EVER and anon Mrs. Jarr clutched the tighter at Mr. Jarr's arm, and she gasped as though in pain.

"What's the matter, are you ill?" asked Mr. Jarr finally.

"I'm not ill and there's nothing the matter," snapped Mrs. Jarr. "But only the rich can afford it, or women like Mrs. Kittingly, who get their all, money regularly and run charge accounts. Oh, dear!"

"What are you talking about, anyway?" asked the puzzled Mr. Jarr.

"I'm talking of having one's own town car like Mrs. Stryver has, or a taxicab account like Mrs. Kittingly has, a steady weather like this!" replied Mrs. Jarr.

"Maybe it would have been better and even cheaper to have called a taxi," she continued, "only, in wet weather like this the drivers don't care how they turn corners and skid into things, and if you are maimed for life you can't collect damages; for, generally, the taxicabs are mortgaged."

Mrs. Hickett found that out when she was injured in a taxicab and tried to sue. And I paid \$18 for that, and they were reduced, at that."

"What are you talking about? Again I ask what you are talking about?" Mr. Jarr inquired.

"I'm talking about my new shoes with the cloth tops, of course," replied Mrs. Jarr. "You nearly dragged me into a mud puddle three times, which would have ruined them, and as 'I'll call a taxi, one's liable to pass along here any minute,' said Mr. Jarr."

"I've been at expense enough getting these shoes without waiting money on taxicabs," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Of course when the children grow older, and their clothes get more expensive, I don't suppose I'll ever be able to buy expensive shoes; but, at the same time, if the cloth tops of these shoes get spoiled and the spots won't come out without spoiling the shoes I'll have to pass along here any minute," said Mr. Jarr.

"I'm not thinking of a taxicab, I'm thinking of my new shoes getting ruined," whispered Mrs. Jarr.

"You've been thinking of a taxicab ever since we started out together," Mr. Jarr declared, "and I am going to bail the first one that comes along."

"And the weather overheads just beautiful," Mrs. Jarr kept complaining. "I don't suppose I'll ever be able to have been like this underfoot. Oh!" and she stopped right into a puddle.

Mr. Jarr said nothing, but gave searching glances up and down for a taxicab. None came in sight, however, and they arrived at their destination, which was Mrs. Stryver's for tea, before Mrs. Jarr's shoes were ruined.

"The streets are in a terrible condition," said Mrs. Jarr to her husband, "and I am afraid my shoes are in a frightful shape. Will you have your maid clean them for me?"

"I wouldn't dare ask her," said Mrs. Stryver. "She won't even clean my shoes. And I am so sorry I couldn't send my car for you, but my chauffeur won't go after people for me—my dear, you have no idea how help is these days. You can count yourself lucky."

And when Mr. Jarr called the taxicab company for a car to take his good lady home the manager replied over the wire that his men had gone on strike.

will be her great development. And after all there is "no fool like an old fool." Deny a girl all her whims and cravings in her youth and just wait until she reaches thirty-five and sees the chance to get them. On the other hand give her the things that her young heart desires and she will be less apt to be a flighty, silly woman ten years hence.

Then in allowing a girl who has money the right to enjoy her income there is another side to consider. The average girl, society or middle class for that matter, has but a few years when she is very young. When she marries she must share her time and life with others. If she has the money to travel, to grant a few girlish whims why not let her have those pleasures at the best time in her life?

Certain Mrs. Grundies and wiseacres may claim that a young girl doesn't need a fur coat, an elaborate wardrobe or a diamond ring. And yet if a girl is strong minded and can survive these things, which EVERY young girl has wanted at some time in her life, it seems much more sensible to let her have them when she really wants them instead of letting her lose the sparkle of her eyes and wait until she is staid and mature and bored to death and all the king's coaches and all the queen's diamonds couldn't put her dimples and smiles back again.

After all isn't it better to spend a good part of her income in her youth traveling, developing her voice, wearing the clothes she "adores" and getting the most out of life instead of waiting until she is sophisticated enough to give her income to Beauty Doctors and all the queen's diamonds couldn't put her dimples and smiles back again.

Eventually nay—why not NOW?

MILDRED LODGEWICK